Marion Tilus

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"We All Like Sheep."

The verses that follow are passing current, and they are amusing enough to reproduce :

"WE all like sheep," the tenors shrill
Begin, and then the church is still,
While back and forth across the aisle
Is seen to pass the "catching" smile.

"We all like sheep," the altos moan,
In low and rich and mellow tone,
While broader grows the merry grin,
And nose gets further off from chin.

"We all like sheep," the sopranos sing,
Till all the echoes wake and ring ;
The young folks titter, and the rest
Suppress the laugh in bursting chest.

"We all like sheep," the bassos growl,
The titter grows into a howl,
And e'en the deacon's face is graced
With wonder at the singers' taste.

"We all like sheep," runs the refrain,
And then, to make the meaning plain,
The singers all together say :
"We all, like sheep, have gone astray."

—*Selected.*

From the Old German.

How should the heart of a little child be ?
As pure as the lily that blooms on the lea,
As clear as the dews from the heavens that fall,
As true as the mirror that hangs on the wall,
As fresh as the fountain, as gay as the lark
That trills out its song 'twixt the day and the dark,
As glad as the angels when, soaring, they fly
On the bright wings of love to their home in the sky.

A little theft,
A small deceit,
Too often leads to more ;
'Tis hard at first ;
But tempts the feet,
As through an open door.

Floss vs. Lisa.

SUCH a lovely little basket! Lined with palest pink satin, soft laces around the top, and delicate pink ribbons—dainty and charming enough for the queen of the fairies herself to nestle in. And down in its soft depths, what is this ? Why, a "perfect love" of a dog; a diminutive little Skye, with soft eyes almost hidden under his long hair, and a golden collar around his little neck; a very prince of dogs, fed upon delicate cakes and daintiest candies, and finding even these scarcely good enough for His Serene Highness.

His little mistress, sitting in her pretty pony carriage, has just been showing the treasure to her friend, Bessie St. John, and talking of the promise Bessie's Uncle Jack has made to give her just such another pet, who shall have *his* dainty basket also, and fare sumptuously every day. And now Bessie has turned homeward, and is walking slowly down the street, wondering whether blue will suit his complexion as well as pink, as it is her own special color. She knows just the soft shade she shall choose, and she will have his collar tied with a tiny blue bow, and perhaps a little golden bell on it. She will call him Floss, she thinks. Katie calls hers Fuzz, but Floss is more graceful, and she fancies her pet will be even prettier than Katie's.

But just here her meditations are interrupted, for the ragged little urchin just before her meets with a mishap. He is an uncouth little specimen enough, with a good natured, freckled face, and is drawing after him a little cart, made of an old box on rough wooden wheels, and in the cart sits the forlornest baby Bessie St. John has ever seen, so pale, so pinched, so wan, with big dark

eyes, that seem to hold a world of woe already, though they can scarcely have seen two years of life. A faded old shawl is wrapped about the wasted little figure, and the forlorn little cap it wears is anything but becoming. Altogether, the poor little creature is as pitiable as can be imagined. And just at this point one of the rough wheels comes off, and the poor baby is thrown against the box so violently, and sets up such a pitiful, feeble little wail, a discouraged ghost of a cry, that Bessie can but stop and pity both; for the boy looks so grieved, and tries his best in a clumsy little way to comfort his little charge. Bessie loves children, so while poor Jo is trying to drive the rebellious wheel on again, hammering away with a big stone, she has run into a confectioner's near by, and returned with some delicious little cakes, and is comforting the baby with one, laying the rest in the little cart, "for you and the baby together," she tells Jo. He stares at her in amazement, and something in his face inspires her to ask if this is his little sister, and then she hears so sad a story, it makes her very grave and thoughtful, as she goes slowly home.

Uncle Jack is in the library when she enters, and almost the first thing he says is, "Well, Bessie, I think I've found the right sort of a dog for you at last, and, if you like, I'll take you to see him to-morrow."

Bessie thanks him, but looks so grave that Uncle Jack watches her in some amazement, not lessened when she says presently, "It will cost a good deal, won't it?"

"Well, yes,—a tidy little sum. Why?"

Uncle Jack," Bessie says, desperately, as if she fears her courage may fail her, "will you give me the money instead, please?"

Uncle Jack stares, then he whistles.

"I want to adopt a little girl," Bessie begins, and then she laughs, he does look so utterly amazed, and so funny. She tells him the story little Jo has told her, presently; how the baby's father died awhile ago, and now the mother is dying, and there's nobody to look out for the poor little waif. "Mother's takin' care of Mrs. Grey all she can," Jo says, "but she's goin' to die to-night, and baby'll have to be took to the poor-house to-morrow. An' I'm a givin' her one more ride, 'cause she's such a miser'ble little mite."

"And so you prefer the baby for a pet, do you?" Uncle Jack says. "Pray what do you propose to do with her, may I ask your ladyship? Bring her home, and carry her round in a basket with pink ribbons, like Katie Vane's?"

"No, I don't," Bessie says sturdily. "I shouldn't know what to do with her, and mamma wouldn't let me. I mean to board her at Nurse Comstock's."

"Oh, you do! And I am to pay her board, am I?"

"No-o, not *exactly*. If you give me the money Floss will cost, that will buy her some clothes, and pay her board ever so long. And then he'd have to be fed, you know. Fuzz eats lots of cake and candy. Katy finds it quite expensive," with a little sigh. "I don't think the baby'd cost *much* more, and *that* I should pay out of my own allowance. It could be saved up, you know, while the other was being used, and so get ahead on it. And, besides, I think papa would *help*, perhaps, if *you* ask him," she added, shyly.

Uncle Jack looked very much amused. "Well, Bess!" he said, presently, "you have a head for business. You seem to have planned it all out. How do you know Mrs. Comstock will receive this small princess in disguise? What's her name, by the way?"

"'Liza Grey,' Jo said. We might call her Lisa—that's prettier—and I know Nurse Comstock will, if I tease her. Besides, the *money* will be quite an object to her. Oh, Uncle Jack! if you'd *seen* the poor, miserable little thing, I know you'd feel it was *wicked*—just *wicked*—to spend so much money on a—a *dear* little dog"—faltering a little, for she had set her heart on Floss, and it was hard to give him up—"and let him have such a lovely basket and everything nice to eat, and let that poor little baby go to the poor-house! She'd haunt me, Uncle Jack! *Do* help me!"

Uncle Jack was silent a few minutes, and then he said very gravely, "Well, child, I'll go and look this thing up, and if I find it's all so—no humbug about it—and you're *sure* you'd rather do this that have the dog—I'll give you the money, and you shall do as you please, always providing papa and mamma consent. Will that do?"

Bessie's face spoke her thanks as she kissed him; but when he said, a few minutes after, "Hadn't you better *see* the dog first, and be *sure* you don't want him?" she refused hastily.

"Oh! no, no! I musn't *think* about him any more, please, Uncle Jack"—winking away a big tear.

Uncle Jack was as good as his word. He found out poor Mrs. Grey, and heard her sad story, and the rough kindness the poor soul had received from the neighbors, pinched enough themselves, in her sickness and poverty. He came in time to make her heart glad with promise of home and care for the desolate little creature she was leaving, and to make Bessie's heart glad and sorry, too, with his story of her gratitude to "the young lady," and the way in which she blessed and thanked her, and died—"so happy now!"

Bessie cried for her very heartily, and mourned that help had come all too late for her. Little Lisa seemed one of *hundreds* of poor little creatures, helpless and desolate, for whom she could do nothing. She had never thought of the misery and wretchedness that this world—so bright, and warm, and glad for her—is so full of everywhere, and it grieved and disheartened her sorely.

But to help *one* was something! And the delight of settling Lisa with good Mrs. Comstock, who had been Bessie's own nurse, and was "good as gold," the buying of comfortable new clothes, the watching, week by week, to see the pale, pinched face grow round and rosy, the sad eyes less old, and smiles, and even dimples greet her coming, and the little thing learn to play, till at last she did actually look "like *anybody's* baby," as Bessie said, was happiness enough.

And Uncle Jack has undertaken to make a man of Jo, has got him a place as errand boy, and a chance to go to school a few hours every day. He still calls Lisa "the little princess," sometimes, to tease Bessie, but he does many a kind thing for her in a quiet way.

Bessie begins to talk of the days when Lisa will be old enough to learn her letters, and she —Bess—will teach her, and of all the things she must do and learn "for Lisa," by and by. She really feels quite motherly.

But Kate Vane thinks she was very foolish, and is *so* glad her own tastes are more aristocratic.—*Little Star.*

The Most Beautiful Hand-

There was once a great king. He admired, above all things, a lady's hand, small, shapely, soft and white. He made a great feast, a wonderful feast, such as only a king could give. He bade all the women of the city where he lived come to it—high and low, rich and poor; none could be excused—and he proclaimed that the one who had the most beautiful hand should receive a rich dower, and be honored by the queen.

One may imagine what a time there was, equal to that of trying on the glass slipper of Cinderella. Such a bleaching and squeezing of hands; many white ones with pink tips hoped to win; many soft ones with taper tips felt sure some who prided themselves because they never labored, or exposed their hands to the sunlight, were sanguine. So they came to the feast.

The king sat upon his throne, and had several judges by his side. Then he caused all the women to pass before him. As they did so, bright jewels flashed from many hands, diamonds glistening in the light, as though scorning the gift. Some unsightly, but the king examined them all, to carry out his whim.

His attention was arrested by a lady passing quickly, with her hands gloved. The king stopped her, and angrily cried:

"How is this? Did I not order all the ladies to unglove? How dare you refuse?"

The lady tremblingly replied;

"I did not think to displease the king; I thought to pass unnoticed. I came because the good king commanded."

"Then why not remove your gloves?" asked the king.

"I would only take your time, good king; my hands are not beautiful. Oh, no! they are too useful for that. The comfort of my home and family depends much upon them. My children, king, are never so happy as when mother joins in their plays, though it stains and discolors my hands. I visit the poor and sick, and ministering with these hands makes them hard and unshapely; but I'd not part with the pleasure these sweet offerings bring for all your kingdom, O king!"

She bowed, and was passing on.

"Hold!" cried the king, in a loud voice. "I have found the most beautiful hand—a hand that fears not to blacken and roughen, to grow hard and unshapely, in its love and duty to others. Would to God my kingdom was made up of such hands—of such hearts! Then there would be no need of ruler or king, of walls and prisons. Bring the costliest diamonds, and deck these hands! Send for her husband—give him the office next the king! Let the influence of these hands be felt throughout the kingdom!" It was done even as the king said.—*Housekeeper.*

For the Myrtle.

The Way to be Happy.

'Tis a world full of sorrow,
So some people say ;
But Robby and I
Are out riding to-day :

And so pleased with our donkey,
And pleased with our ride,
And pleased with ourselves
And each other beside :

That we don't care a bit
What the grumblers may say,
'Tis a nice world to live in,
Just take it our way.

Go out in the sunshine,
And sport in the breeze,
And hear the wind play
On the harps in the trees.

If you *can* get a donkey,
Don't miss of the treat ;
He is splendid to ride
And splendid to beat.

But Robby and I
Beat him easy, you know
For with kindness, all donkeys
Will cheerfully go.

E. M. B.

For the Myrtle.

The Army of Defence.

A TRAMP walked into the kitchen at grandmother Cole's house, and frightened the servant girl nearly out of her senses.

Grandmother Cole was also very much frightened. She is old and feeble, and such a fright took hold of her much more than it would have done in the days of her youth.

They got a policeman and had the tramp arrested, and carried to the lockup, but the fright made grandmother sick, and when the news of the sickness, and the trouble which had caused it, reached Mrs. Cole's daughter's house, it created a great sensation.

Henry and Margie and the baby sat down over the register, and talked this matter over, and they made up their minds that they would go to grandma's defence.

They went to the kitchen, and armed themselves each with a broom, or a brush, and away the little company marched down the street, until they reached grandma's door.

Everybody stared at them as they went along the street, but the children didn't mind their laughing. They kept straight on until they reached their grandmother's house and when they marched into the kitchen, in true military style and told their errand Grandmother Cole and her servant were convulsed with laughter.

It was a curious brigade to come to the defence of their house; but counting motives, no help could have been more acceptable, and Grandmother Cole will always remember with delight how her little grandchildren rushed to defend her, when she was in danger. E. M. B.

A Happy Thought for Christmas Time.

Our Shawmut Ave., Boston, Sunday school introduced a new feature into their holiday celebration.

Each scholar was asked to bring to the vestry, some book or plaything that he had enjoyed during the year so that they might be packed into a *Christmas Box* and sent to some less fortunate Sunday school.

The response was very generous and a large case of goods, including a variety of toys and books was sent away to the West. This idea will be continued as an annual custom, and must prove a happy incident both for those who give, and those who receive.

For the Myrtle.

Prairie Life.

We think that our dear MYRTLE children in the East will enjoy knowing how other little people live in the far Western states, and we are going to give them a few letters from Colorado which we are sure will interest them.

No. 1.

A HOME ON THE PRAIRIE.

Here we are at last in our new home on the prairie. It is only partly finished, and every day papa is trying to make it more comfortable, and mama is trying to make it more homelike. It seems very strange here. I wonder if we shall like living so far from other people. It is six miles to town and our one neighbor is half a mile away.

Mama says being anchored at sea could not be much more lonely.

As far as we can look toward the East it is all prairie,—not a tree in sight, or a house, excepting a few little buildings that are called "claim shanties."

Some persons have built them to show that they are trying to own the "80" or "160" acres of land that the "shanties" may stand upon. By a law of our good government, people can get farms in the western country very cheaply, and poor people who could in no other way own homes, are helped very much by it. South of us, more than a mile away, a river runs; and the trees that grow upon its banks are the only break in the barren looking prairie. The view at the North is like the East only a few small farm houses may be seen.

In the West there is a glorious sight! There rise the Rocky Mountains, peak upon peak; the foot-hills are twenty-five miles beyond the town but it looks to us as if the town was at the foot of the mountain. The snowy tips make a beautiful picture that varies in lights and shades every hour of the day—a vision I am never weary of watching.

Before the sun is fairly up in the morning—when the full light of day falls upon their snowy splendor—and when the sunset clouds lend them a crown of glory—the view is grand—as beautiful as it is changing.

We are strangers here and left our Eastern home because papa had Asthma there: He never has it here, and for that reason we mean to like our prairie home and have lots of good times after the new and strange wears off. H. H. D.

A Resolute Bargain.

The following anecdote is told of Haydn, the famous composer of "The Creation," and a bluff English sailor: While the great composer was staying in London, the captain of an East Indiaman entered his chamber one morning, saying, "You are Mr. Haydn?" "Yes." "Can you make me a march to enliven my crew? You shall have thirty guineas; but I must have it today, for to-morrow I sail for Calcutta." Haydn agreed; the seaman left him, and the composer opened his piano, and in a quarter of an hour the march was written. Haydn appears to have had a delicacy rare among the musical birds of prey and passage who want to feed on the unwieldly wealth of England. Conceiving so large a sum for a labor eventually so slight a species of plunder, he went home early in the evening and composed two other marches, in order to allow the liberal seaman his choice, or to give them all to him. At day-break the purchaser came. Haydn played the march. The captain counted the thirty guineas on the piano, took up the music, and went down stairs. Haydn ran after him.

"I have composed two others, both better. Come up and hear them, and take your choice."

"I am satisfied with the one I have."

The captain still went on.

"I will make you a present of them."

The captain went down only the more rapidly, and left Haydn on the stairs. Haydn immediately went to the Exchange, ascertained the name of the ship, made a roll of his marches, and sent them with a polite billet to the captain on board. Shortly afterward he was surprised at receiving his envelope unopened from the Englishman, who had judged it to be Haydn's. The composer tore the whole to pieces on the spot.—*Sel.*

Seven Things.

I. I will be quiet in the presence of one more educated than myself.

II. I will not interrupt any one speaking.

III. I will not give a hasty answer.

IV. I will ask appropriate questions.

V. I will give suitable answers.

VI. I will reply to the first thing first and the last thing last.

VII. I will candidly say so when I do not know anything.

IF we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not be able to injure us.

SELECTIONS FOR S. S. CONCERTS.

While We May.

The hands are such dear hands ;
They are so full, they turn at our demands
So often ; they reach out,
With trifles scarcely thought about,
So many times ; they do
So very many things for me, to you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of deception many times,
Or if they speak too slow, or quick, such crimes
We may pass by ; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet, fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault ; for they and we
Have such a little way to go,—can be
Together such a little while along the way,—
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find.
We see them ; for not blind
Is love. We see them ; but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by-and-by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours.
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light,
We may be patient ; for we know
There's such a little way to go.

Love that counts not sacrifice,
Keeping nothing back from Him—
To such love must we arise,
Following Him.

The Children's Trust.

Like as a helpless child who clings
Fast to his father's arm,
And casts his weakness on the strength
That keeps him safe from harm ;
So I, my Father, cling to thee,
And thus I every hour
Would link my earthly feebleness
To thine almighty power.

As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace ;
So I to thee, my Savior, look,
And in thy face divine
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
Close to his parent's knee,
And knows no want while it can have
That sweet society ;
So, sitting at thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that thou wouldst teach me, Lord,
To love thee more and more.

Why Idly Dream.

Why should we sit and idly dream
Our lives away ?
Why plan such wondrous work to do
Some *other* day ?

Why stand and gaze away, away,
Beyond the hills,
While close at hand, so much there is
Our pathway fills ?

So many hungry, tired souls—
Alas ! alas !
Who, while we grasp at things afar,
Unnoticed pass !

Who cry and cower in the dust
Of misery,
While we their want and sore distress
Ne'er feel nor see !

Good Deeds Repaid.

Good deeds in this world done
Are paid beyond the sun,
As water on the root
Is seen above in fruit.

"Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place."

Through the darkest hour, still trust in the light ;
What the hand hath to do, let it do with its might.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

220.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty letters.
My 14, 15, 16, 17 is a part of a house.
My 33, 34, 38, 19, 20, 22 is part of a house.
My 4, 10, 20, 18 is part of a house.
My 18, 26, 10, 20, 4 is part of a house.
My 12, 2, 3, 35, 18 is part of a house.
My 4, 10, 20, 36 is part of a house.
My 24, 34, 13, 7 is part of a house.
My 1, 8, 37 is something used in a house.
My 16, 5, 6, 25, 30 is something used in a house.
My 24, 11, 6, 15, 38 is something used in a house.
My 18, 26, 20, 21, 22 is something used in a house.
My 28, 29, 30, 37, 35, 32 is something used in a house.
My 33, 27, 39 is something used in a house.
My 36, 40, 34, 37 is something used in a house.
My whole is in the Bible. *Beth.*

221.—ANAGRAM.

Caepe eb nithiw yth sallw dan ityerpsrop winthi yth selacap. *Mamie Slayton.*

222.—ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifty letters.
My 2, 1, 12, 26 is not coarse.
My 3, 4, 9, 10 is to cry with a loud voice.
My 5. 6, 16 we lie on at night.
My 28, 29, 30, 31 is part ot a house.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 all children should be to their parents.
My 38, 39, 40, 41, 7, 8, 9, 47 we all like to have.
My 15, 14, 11, 9, 27 are our on fingers and toes.
My 43, 32, 46, 34 are part of the body.
My 36, 37, 26, 30 is part of the foot.
My 28, 48, 49, 50, 27 belong on the arms.
My 45, 33, 25 is food for horses.
My 28, 42, 44 is the opposite of cold.
My whole is in Isaiah. *Mary Burt.*

223.—ANAGRAM.

A iwes nso tehkam a dagl rfthae.
Minnie Doggett.

224.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

L—b—r—o—t—b—r—c—. *Harry.*

225.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant: A boy: A lid: Opposite of old: A consonant. *Charlie Brown.*

CONNUDRUMS.

Why is the letter "B" like a man sitting at the extremity of a branch of a tree?
Because it makes the end "bend."

Where can happiness be found? In the dictionary.

215.—ENIGMA.

Daughter be of good comfort thy faith had made thee whole.

216.—ANAGRAM.

Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

217.—ENIGMA.

The Lord is my shepherd.

218.—ANAGRAM.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name O Most High.

219.—ENIGMA.

Be ye followers of me even as I also am of Christ.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Jennie Jacobs, 4; Maude L. Flanders, 3; Bessie M. Butterworth, 2; Kittie M. Bacon, 3; Nettie Johnson, 1.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?
They have both occasioned the *fall* of man.

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